

## The Evening World.

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## A SHOCK.

EVENTS of the past few days have forced upon the country a new, sudden and by no means pleasant view of its highest and most august court.

Mr. Hughes reached for his hat and jumped off the Supreme Bench of the United States with a lack of dignity, not to speak of ceremony, that must cause many Americans a sharp wrench in their ideas of that high tribunal.

It would have seemed impossible that a Supreme Court Justice could dash into the political arena with so little expressed regret at leaving the high and honorable position he abandoned or with such total absence of formal relinquishment and leave-taking.

The people of the United States had come to have a very different notion of their Supreme Court and of men elevated to its bench. Neither the court nor the country gains by the newer aspect in which it has been made to appear.

As Senator Stone has declared, "the experiment is full of menace and danger. Hereafter it is more than probable that men appointed to the Supreme Court will begin to regard it not as the honorable and final goal of their ambition but as a stepping stone to what they will, as Mr. Hughes has done, regard as a political advancement beyond the judicial position they hold."

"In that view of things it will follow that the decisions of Judges of that great tribunal will become more or less the subject of suspicion. People will begin to surmise whether decisions on questions of wide or general interest have behind them some sinister political design. The tendency will be to undermine public confidence in that great court—a thing that would be full of evil consequences, if not disastrous."

Mr. Hughes' use of the Supreme Court as a kind of In and Out Club on the political highway ought to set the nation thinking. If necessary, constitutional safeguards can be employed to protect its highest court against desperate political parties ransacking the country for candidates to carry them into power.

We presume before long the land will be ringing with an adapted "Pinafore":

"But in spite of all temptations  
To belong to other nations,  
I remain an AMERICAN."

## NOT A FINGER PRINT OFFENSE.

THE finger print system is a highly useful police device for identifying criminals. Nobody has hitherto thought of it as meant for boys arrested for playing ball in the city streets.

The action of City Magistrate Simms is unique. Three boys were brought before this Magistrate charged with playing ball on One Hundred and Fifty-first Street near Amsterdam Avenue. All three admitted having violated the ordinance and were fined \$3 each. The Magistrate was told that the culprits bore without exception excellent reputations. Yet he ordered their finger prints taken—exactly as if they were suspected of being habitual or embryo criminals.

We are glad to note the Mayor does not believe playing ball in the streets puts youngsters into the gangster or jailbird class and that he will investigate the case.

If the habit of indiscriminate finger printing should spread among City Magistrates we might as well expect to find all children arrested, however trivial their offenses, immediately enrolled upon the criminal lists at Police Headquarters.

## FLAG DAY.

"A song for our banner? The watchword read!"  
Which gave the Republic her station:  
"United we stand—divided we fall!"  
It made and preserves us a nation!  
The union of lakes—the union of lands—  
The union of States none can sever—  
The union of hearts—the union of hands—  
And the Flag of our Union forever!"

## Hits From Sharp Wits

Where half a dozen men are assembled one of them is loud.

If there were no other excuse for living the fact that it takes all kinds of people to make a world would be sufficient.—Toledo Blade.

To be an observing person it is not necessary to have a rubber neck.—Toledo Blade.

The man who lacks ambition lacks the quality that makes for greatness, but he certainly does not have a restless time of it.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## Letters From the People

**City Island.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Will any reader suggest the shortest route to City Island? R. BEGGS.

**See World Almanac, Page 603.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:

I would be extremely favored if you would answer the following questions to settle a dispute:

(a) What is the population of New York City? (b) What is the population of Greater New York? (c) What constitutes Greater New York? (d) What is the population of the city of London, England? (e) What is the population of Greater London, England? ROBERT LINDSAY.

**Roosh Hashonah.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Can any kind reader let me know on what day the Jewish holiday of Roosh Hashonah came in the year 1907? HENRY REICHBAUM.

**Alaska.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Will you kindly answer in The Evening World the nearest State to New

York where there is no marriage license required and oblige a constant reader. I. L. M.

**Set All Clocks Ahead.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:

I noticed in The Evening World that quite a few European countries adopted a daylight saving bill, advancing the legal time by one hour. Please explain what all this means. H. A. EPSTEIN.

**Friday.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
On what day of the week did March 27, 1857, fall? SERALIA.

**Kilopodiat, Accond Second Syllable.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Kindly advise through your columns the correct way to pronounce the word "kilopodiat." P. BELBROOK.

**See World Almanac, Page 156.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Kindly inform me whether there is any law which says that immigrants who have landed here before June, 1906 do not need their first papers to become citizens of the United States? Thanking you in advance for your attention to same. L. WASSER.

## Homeless!



By J. H. Cassel

## Stories of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

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THE STORY OF A SILK DRESS; by Ellen Olney Kirk.

MISS EMMA SINGLETON had never in all her colorless life been really well dressed. The income on which she and her domineering elder sister, Almira, lived in their tiny Swallowfield cottage barely sufficed to keep soul and body together. Miss Emma longed unobtainably for at least one nice looking costume. But for many years she longed in vain.

Then at last to the two sisters came a legacy. Emma's share of it was forty dollars. And she declared she was going to spend it on a black silk dress. She was a meek little thing, and generally she obeyed without question every command of the imperious Almira. But in this one matter she was stonily firm. Accordingly one morning she set off by train to the nearest city to buy the dress.

Several hours later she started back for Swallowfield, rapturously happy. On the car seat close beside her was a parcel containing twenty yards of servicable black silk. For once she would be well dressed.

A man came down the car aisle carrying many bundles and looking for a seat. He piled his bundles into the rack above Miss Emma's head, put her parcel with them and sat down beside her. At the next station he got off the train in such a hurry that he forgot his packages. As the train started on he hollered in through an open window to Simeon English—a rich and elderly Swallowfield man:

"English! Just pitch me out my bundles—up in the rack by my seat." The well-meaning English seized the bundles and hurried them all out. The train was passing a canal. Most of the packages tumbled into the water. Miss Emma shrieked in a frenzy of despair:

"Oh, sir, you have thrown out my black silk dress!" Mr. English was overcome with remorse. The more so when Miss Emma—whom he had never before chanced to meet—told him the story of that dress.

He promised to do all in his power to find the missing treasure, assuring her he would have no trouble in doing so. Sure enough, next day he called on the Singleton sisters triumphantly bringing with him a big parcel. Miss Emma seized it in joy. But at first glance at its contents she exclaimed:

"It isn't my silk! It's a thousand times handsomer than mine. This must have cost six dollars a yard!"

Miss Almira arose and coldly ordered the spatteringly embarrassed Mr. English to leave the house, and to take his parcel of silk with him. He tried to explain. Miss Almira silenced him with a glare. Humbly he departed, but he neglected to carry along the silk.

The episode was not yet ended. Mr. English found many "chance" occasions to meet little Miss Emma during the next month or two. At last he went to Miss Almira and formally begged her leave to propose to her sister. Miss Almira loftily refused and gave him to understand he must see the younger woman no more.

It seemed to Miss Almira that she had gotten rid of the unwelcome suitor for good and all, but her sway over her timid little sister would be threatened no more. But she was wrong. Next day, as Miss Almira sat on the porch of her cottage, Miss Emma appeared before her clinging blissfully to Mr. English's hand. It was English who broke the moment of embarrassed silence by saying to the horrified Almira:

"I made the mistake of asking a certain question of any one except this dear child herself. To whom else could I say: 'I'm an old man, but my heart is beating for you.' But I'm on the right track at last. For the first time in my life I have not blundered. Emma is going to marry me!"

The manner of saying or doing anything goes a great way toward the value of the thing itself.—SENECA.

## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"SOME people are lucky! Cora Hickett and her mother are talking about going to the mountains again!" said Mrs. Jarr.

"It seems strange to me that people like that can go year after year to some nice place. Of course, they have no children. That is, Cora Hickett has no children, of course, but her mother has. That is, she has Cora. For Oswald Hickett isn't living home, although it is my opinion that his mother sends him money."

"That's the cheap little dude who wore the purple silk socks, isn't it?" asked Mr. Jarr. "I ran all over town for a week getting him a position, and when I got it for him he wouldn't take it because he was practising for a 'squash tournament'."

"Oh, well, boys will be boys," said Mrs. Jarr.

"And loafers will be loafers," replied Mr. Jarr. "Are they any different as loafers because they wear different clothes? The loafer in the Jean pants and calico shirt is no worse than the shiftless incompetent in creased trousers and purple socks."

"He plays the piano beautifully, and when Mrs. Stryker has a dance she's delighted if she can get Oswald Hickett to play," said Mrs. Jarr. "You shouldn't be too hard on the poor boy. His social engagements are so pressing that he really hasn't time to accept any small-paying position. Indeed, the Hicketts were very indignant when they found out that the position you got for Oswald paid only \$18 a week, and that he would have to enter by the employees' door."

His father used to allow him \$25 at college. Oh, Mrs. Hickett and Cora were very indignant at you. They said such a thing would be preposterous; and while they didn't want Oswald to be idle, yet he must only accept some position that paid at least \$10,000 a year and where he would have a great many subordi-

nates, because Oswald was high spirited and just loved to order people about!"

"I'm sorry I can't get Mr. Oswald Hickett such a position," said Mr. Jarr. "If I could find one like that I'd take it myself."

"Well, you needn't get mad about it," said Mrs. Jarr, sharply. "I'm sure it isn't at all flattering the way you fly up if I just venture to say a kind word of anybody."

"Gee whizz! Here we go again!" cried Mr. Jarr. "What do you mention the Hicketts to me for? I've troubles of my own! So please cut them out!"

"Cut them out?" replied Mrs. Jarr. "Just because they are nice people, I suppose? You know the Hicketts are an excellent social position, even if they have lost almost all their money. And then their leaving the city every summer helps to maintain their position. And now you tell me to cut them out. I suppose you'd like me to be on intimate terms with the wife of your friend who keeps the saloon on the corner. But I have my children to think of. And for their sake I am only going to do with the best people, the very best. Do you hear that?"

And then Mrs. Jarr began to cry. "I didn't mean you shouldn't have whatever nice friends you want," said Mr. Jarr coaxingly. "I didn't mean 'cut them out' that way. I simply meant stop talking about them."

"Was I talking about them?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "Was I?"

"Well, maybe not," stammered Mr. Jarr.

"Didn't you commence to abuse them? Didn't you say Oswald Hickett was a loafer? Didn't you sneer at Cora and her mother?"

"I might have, but it was without thinking," admitted Mr. Jarr.

"There, you see!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "All these dreadful rows are all your fault! You can kiss me, if you promise never to lose your temper again."

## Facts Not Worth Knowing

By Arthur Baer

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FLAIR SH grams has invented a fly paper that catches the fly sideways, thus accommodating twice as many as the old kind.

By diligent application it is possible to learn to play two cornets at one time.

If your janitor refuses to turn on the steam in July you can heat the apartment by opening a window.

A Kansas town has passed a law against frogs croaking at night without seeming to curtail the industry in the least.

After a lifetime of experimenting, Prof. Gooftus, the learned cytopologist, is convinced that the air is the same temperature on both sides of a pocket fence.

The unknown ancestry of root steers to dry in the soup can be easily eliminated from the tournament by gurgling the soup through a straw.

## Just a Wife (Her Diary)

Edited by Janet Trevor.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

AUGUST 25 (cont.)—There was a rather dreadful silence after Mr. Soames's last remark. I know that my first reflection was,

"What execrable taste!" my second thought, "That man is so terribly earnest that he doesn't care for conventions."

"I thought I'd like to see how a child would look in this place." The words seemed to echo in the attractively furnished dining room, and just the slightest tinge of color appeared in Mrs. Soames's smooth cheeks. She didn't talk any more about St. Julian's settlement. In a few minutes we left Mr. Soames to his solitary cigar, although I shouldn't have minded if he'd smoked it in the drawing room.

"Now we can have a nice little chat, my dear," said Mrs. Soames, as we settled ourselves in a wide window seat. "And first I want to ask you to go with me and see the Rabbin."

"The what?" I queried, in amazement.

"The Rabbin," she repeated. "The fountain of truth, the one who led me out of the dark valley where I lingered and into the light of happiness and peace. You are happy now, but he will make you happier."

"My dear Mrs. Soames," I said with a faint, regrettable absence of tact, "what you are talking sounds to me very much like a beautiful, but you mind informing me in English of one syllable what you mean?"

She leaned forward and fixed on me blue eyes—once anxious, red-rimmed from weeping now with the peaceful and coldly detached look of the blind.

"The Rabbin," she detailed, "is an East Indian who has studied deeply in the philosophy of all nations, and who has evolved a system of successful living. He teaches that the spirit is the only thing that matters. It was through my absorption of his teachings that I was enabled to forgive my husband. What he had done in the body did not matter any longer. The only sort of love between man and woman that is beautiful, that lifts us above the penance, is the love of spirit for spirit."

"The Rabbin says that?" I queried, I noticed, anxiously. "But then, does the Rabbin, well, does he advocate race suicide?"

"He says perfect love concerns itself merely with souls," she reiterated. "While he admits a physical attraction, he believes that a way might be found to avoid it if we were higher and purer beings. And he says that those of us who have seen the light should follow it. I am fond of children, but I do not think I shall ever have any of my own."

I gazed at Mrs. Soames, wondering if I were looking at a monster or merely at a woman slightly crazed. I can understand that some persons may themselves physically unfit to become parents or even feel that they must deprive themselves of this supreme blessing because they are not able to give their children proper care. But how is it possible for any wife to believe that the "higher, purer" love excludes babies?

It seems to me that children are not merely the greatest joy of life,

## Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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To know how to give a snub is human—to know how to take one is superhuman.

"Repentance"—The interval between the headache and the next temptation.

Alas, how can a woman be happy? If men stare at her it embarrasses her and if they don't it bores her; if they flatter her it makes her suspicious and if they don't it makes her indignant; if they make love to her it hurts her dignity and if they don't it wounds her vanity. Ah, me!

Matrimony, to a bachelor, is like a Christmas cigar—something which he always enthusiastically recommends to other people.

A widow's main consolation in remarrying is probably that she finds it less exhausting to sit up and wait for one man to come than to sit up and wait for a lot of them to go home.

No, dearie, it isn't when your golden locks have turned gray that your golden hopes have turned gray that you are actually "old."

When a bachelor keeps his sentiment too carefully bottled up, some fluffy little thing is bound to come along at the most unexpected moment and smash the bottle.

Funny, but a reputation for cleverness always seems to go to a woman's head and makes her so dizzy that she can't see when she is getting on a man's nerves or trampling on his vanity.

Love is the balancing rod which keeps us on life's trolley.

## Drying Photo Films Rapidly.

(By Permission of Popular Mechanics.)

WAITING for photographic films to dry is often tedious, particularly when the photographer is in haste to see the results of his efforts at picture taking. The method of drying the films shown in the sketch will aid materially in the process. The films are held by small spring clips attached to the wire frame surrounding the fan, and when the current is turned on the films are blown away from the fan and held suspended in a diagonal position. The current from the fan dries the films rapidly.

not merely the hope and dream of every true woman, but that they are the supreme moral justification of the love of husband and wife.

A woman doesn't mean devotion without hope of gain. They keep love from being selfish. They are the ultimate symbol of the trust a man and woman have for each other. They draw together husband and wife in no other common interest so possibly do.

A woman doesn't have to be told these things. She is born with the knowledge of them, knowledge that is dormant in her heart, which she hugs her first doll. I love Ned better

ly; his love for me is the happiest thing that ever came into my life. And yet, if I knew that I could never be the mother of his child I should be crushed with misery.

It seems to me that every wife who loves her husband must feel that way. Yet Mrs. Soames told me, voluntarily, that she still craves for the man she married, that even the anger which she treasured against him had

used away. I honestly didn't know what reply to make to her last remark. Luckily, I was spared comment on it, for the door of the drawing room opened suddenly to admit Mr. Soames.

